

## TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

**Circuit Court.**  
Robert C. Jackson, Judge; H. Bane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

**County Court.**  
J. H. Stuart, Judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday after 3rd Monday in each month.

**Officers.**  
Barnes Gillespie, Com. 'th. Atty.  
James Bandy, Sheriff.  
J. W. Crockett, Deputy Sheriff.  
H. P. Brittain, Treasurer.  
H. G. McCall, Deputy.  
S. Y. Kelly, County Surveyor.  
Address, Tazewell, Va.  
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.  
Address, Tazewell, Va.

## THE CHURCHES.

**Methodist Episcopal Church South.**  
Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 P. M.  
Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M.  
Meeting of Epworth League, each Sunday at 3 P. M., at 3 P. M.  
Night of each month being devoted to literary work.  
A most cordial welcome is extended to all.  
J. S. FRANCH, Pastor.

## Christian Church.

Preaching 1st and 3rd Sunday at 7 P. M. and 2nd and 4th Sunday at 11 A. M.  
Prayer meeting Saturday night at 7 o'clock.  
Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.  
PHILIP JOHNSON, Pastor.

## Rev. Mowbray's Appointments.

Preaching at Pleasant Hill Church 1st Sabbath in the month at 11 A. M., and at White Church the same day at 3 P. M.  
Preaching the 3rd Sabbath at White Church 11 A. M.; in the afternoon at 3 o'clock at Pleasant Hill Church.

## SECRET ORDERS.

**CLINCH VALLEY**  
COMMANDERY, NO. 20.  
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.  
Meets first Monday in each month.  
JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C.  
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

## O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

NO. 26.  
Meets second Monday in each month.  
W. G. YOUNG, H. P.  
JNO. E. JACKSON, Secretary.

## TAZEWELL LODGE.

NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.  
Meets the 1st Monday in each month.  
JAMES O'KEEFE, W. M.  
JNO. S. BOTTING, Sec'y.

## TAZEWELL TABERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS.

Meets 4th Monday in each month.  
JAMES O'KEEFE, Chief.  
W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

## BLUEGRASS LODGE, NO. 142, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Tuesday night. Lodge room over Polk's store.  
C. A. STERLE, N. G.  
M. J. HASKINS, V. G.  
C. C. LONG, Sec'y.

## TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 100 K. OF P.

Meets every Tuesday night in Odd Fellows Hall.  
R. M. STERLE, C. C.  
J. B. CRAWFORD, K. of R. & S.

## A. J. & S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

## CLAYMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

## FULTON & COULING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

## J. POWELL ROYAL, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Office with Chapman & Gillespie.

## BREWER & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

## EDWARD W. CLARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

## H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Collecting a specialty.

## T. C. BOWEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Office over and of Court House yard.

## VINCENT L. SEKON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

## W. B. SPATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

## A. S. HIGGINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the courts of Appeals at Wytchville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

## The Garment of Iron

By Gwendolen Overton.

THERE was no skeleton in the armor when Harpelle found it; only some sand and a bunch of tumble weed, a rattlesnake and a tarantula. The tarantula scuttled off, he killed the rattlesnake, and the tumble weed and sand he emptied out. Then he had the armor done up in a shelter tent and put it on a pack. After which, he went on a pack. It should not have been at all, for it was in pursuit of a band of Indians. But there were bands of Indians every day, and the finding of a full suit of armor lying under a mesquite bush beside their trail was rare.

When he got back to his two-company post on the banks of the Gila, he found the interest in life, which had been lacking for him up to then, in enlarging that knowledge. He sent for books and histories and treatises concerning coats of mail and the men who have worn them, and he even went so far as to write to the Smithsonian institution, at the risk of having a government commission sent out at once to seize his treasure. And in the interval of two months which elapsed before he received a reply—from the railroad was only to keep the armor himself, and with his own hands join it together.

He was not uncoupled, what with that and the histories and the other books, that he forgot to have Gila bottom malaria and had no time to worry about the flies. Then, when the steel was once more bright as the azure shield of Achilles, and he had proved to his own and to everyone's satisfaction that it was one of the armor of the sixteenth century, or thereabout, he hung it up in his one-room adobe quarters, along with the Indian trophies that were as nothing now and the bottled reptiles of many sorts; and the fame of it spread through the land. An English lord, in a pith helmet and girth, traveled miles of his way to look upon it, and a scientific party from Boston did the same. Harpelle was beginning to be very proud, when, one day, he had a visitor of another kind.

It was a man he had seen sometimes hanging around the agency and the post—a small, little fellow, part Coyotero Apache, part Mexican, possibly a very small part white, who had some reputation as a medicine man with the tribes, but not much as anything else. Harpelle was sitting under his ramada on a late summer afternoon, reading a book whose cover curled up with the heat, when something came between him and his light, and looking up, he saw the medicine man peering in the opening. He said: "Hullo, Ciego," and added: "What do you want, eh?"

Ciego spoke excellent Spanish, and as Harpelle did, too, he had no trouble about making himself understood. He explained that he would like to see the suit of iron clothes which he had been told that the Heutenant possessed. The Heutenant was so pleased to think that it had been spoken of even in the fastnesses of the Sierra Blanca and of the Tonto Basin that he forgot how dirty Ciego was, and straightway rose and invited him into the one room.

The medicine-man stood looking at the armor with an interest and evident appreciation that touched Harpelle very much. After the manner of his kind, he said no word, but pressed his hand to his forehead and felt of the plates and chains with his finger-tips, and put his good eye close and looked inside. Then he turned to Harpelle. "Where did you find it?" he asked.

The Heutenant explained at some length. "Is it very old?" Harpelle said it was at least three hundred and thirty odd years old, and went into a little history.

Ciego nodded his head. "I know," he said. But that was so manifestly absurd that Harpelle did not pay any attention to it. "Is it very fine," said he to me? "Naturally, Harpelle only laughed, but the Apache was in earnest, nevertheless. "No," he insisted, looking him sharply in the face. "No, de veras, I wish to buy it from you."

"Well, I don't wish to sell," answered the Heutenant, rather vexed at the mere idea.

"I have \$500," said the Indian.

"If you had a thousand you could not have it."

"Have a thousand," Harpelle laughed again, a little impatiently.

"You do not believe me—look here," Ciego drew a buckskin bag from the folds of his sash. It was full of gold. "There are \$500 here. In three days I can bring you \$500 more."

Harpelle guessed how he came by it, and his temper rose. "That is stolen money," he said, angrily. "put it into my hand, and I will give you the armor, Ukashie."

"You let me have it," begged Ciego. "I wish it very much. I will do many things for you."

Harpelle swore this time—mean, Spanish oaths. "No," he said, "you can't have it. Go to the devil—get out."

Even though Ciego was only a dirty Indian, the White-Eye should have remembered that he probably had feelings which could be hurt. It is well, however, for those who have the distinction of children and savages in their hands to remember that those simple folk have sometimes reasons for the things they do and say, good and sufficient unto themselves. But it never occurred to Harpelle what this half-breed Indian's reasons might be. They did not transpire until some weeks later.

Yet in Ciego's tribe there was a legend of a great white chief who had once married one of their women, and had ruled over them, and who had worn a suit of shining iron. And their tradition ran that whoever should find and wear that garment again would be impervious to the bullets of the White-Eye, would become the greatest of medicine-men and rule not only over his own people but over all the Apache tribes and those of the plains of the north. And the very founder of that family to which Ciego belonged was reputed to have been the white chief in the coat of iron.

Ciego looked the White-Eye over from his scalp to his toes, and up again, and then with no sound, save for not only is he in every way charming, but to her he owes his life. It is said that a number of years ago, when quite a young woman, during a rebellion, Count Ito was hiding from his enemies, who, having tracked him to his home, sent a band of "sookies" to assassinate him. On hearing his enemies approaching, and trapped like a rat in its hole, the count drew his sword,

clouds of a coming storm, and slipped, as silently as a mouse but a savage can, under the ramada of Harpelle's quarters, and thence through the open door. The Indian had missed nothing when he had been in that one small room a month before. He knew where everything in it was, from the chromo in the blue frame on the wall to the cot in the corner, across from the fireplace. He hid himself behind the place of salico that curtained off the room, and waited until the moon showed for a moment through a break in the clouds and he could see the figure on the cot beneath the mosquito net. When the room was dark again he slid out; and the blade of the knife in his hand went straight through the heart of the man asleep. Then he took the rattlesnake armor from its nails and wrapped it in the calico curtain and slipped through the night, as silently and swiftly as only an Apache can.

Now it happened that Harpelle had gone to another post a good many miles to the east that very day, and he had left his striker to sleep in his quarters and keep guard over his things. So it was into the luckless soldier's heart that the knife was driven, and the next day a telegram apprised Harpelle that his striker was murdered and his suit of mail was gone.

The day after that the Coyoteros were on the warpath, and, having cut the reservation, were killing right and left. They were led by a medicine man called Ciego, and the scouts reported that he was dressed in a garment of white iron which no White-Eye's bullet could pierce. They also reported that the Chiricahuas and the Pah-Utes and the Sierra Blancas were joining him. It promised to be an interesting time for the territories.

Harpelle began to have a dim idea of why the medicine man had wanted a Spanish mail. Now he was ordered out of course. Most of the department was. Trouble of the sort that this promised to be had to be checked at once, if at all. It was serious already; but there was one thing in favor of the troops, which was that the hostiles showed no desire to get away. Their fanatic faith in their medicine man led them to seek battle rather than to flee. And twice, having done so, they beat off the troops, because there were, as usual, too few. But the third time they were caught in a pocket of the Mogallons, and there were no less than six troops against them. Harpelle's was the number.

The Indians fought from dawn of the first day until twilight of the second, in the open at first, then on behind a shelter, then at last they retreated to a shallow cave high up on a hillside, and there was no getting them out. A mountain howitzer might have done it, but there was none with the command. All day the troops fired volleys into so much of the mouth of the cave as showed between the pine trunks and the walls of rock. They knew that the slaughter within must have been pretty severe, but there were no signs of surrender, neither did the hostiles hold out until the last one was dead; they certainly would until their medicine man should fall. The medicine man could be seen from time to time, a gleaming figure, moving clumsily among the trees and underbrush. And for all that it went so slowly and was so bright, no bullet seemed ever to hit him. Even the white men began to consider it with awe.

At sunset of the second day, when the sunset from the cave had all but ceased and the Indians within it were without ammunition and at bay, the gleaming form came clambering deliberately to the top of a high rock, whooping and yelling, calling the remnants of its followers on. It stood so for a moment, the red sun rays striking through the pine branches on the distant steel and weight in the depths of the mountain fastnesses of the New World, so odd and strange that the soldiers hesitated with their fingers on the triggers of their carbines. But Harpelle, kneeling alone behind a boulder, remembered only that that glowing armor was his, and that he wanted it. The vision was up and he could see the glitter of the steel and the gleam of a sharpshooter's eye. He had won a sharpshooter's medal in his time, and he put his skill to use now. There was a puff of smoke from above his boulder, and the shining figure threw up its arms and staggered. Then it fell forward, down from the pinnacle of rock, clattering and crashing among the logs and stones.

They found, when they dragged him out, that Harpelle's bullet had gone straight through the forehead eye of the armor. Ciego was lying very true and—quite dead.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## NO HOLLERING IN BROOKLYN.

A Manhattan Lawyer's Experience with a Dead Client Across the Big Bridge.

"One of my clients is dead," said a downtown lawyer, according to a story of my trouble with a policeman in Brooklyn. My client sent one day for me to see him on business in his house over the bridge, and I was detained until a late hour. When I left, he caught it would be in conformity with a Brooklyn custom to see me to my car. It was a crisp night, and we stood on the corner. I was doing the talking. He did his share, but it was not noticeable. The stillness of the hour made my loud tones sound like a megaphone in action.

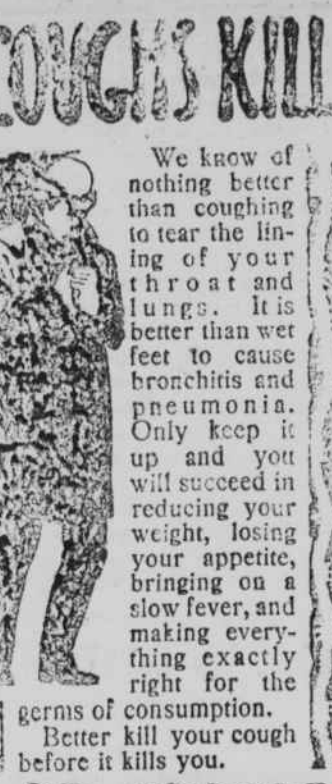
"The cop on the beat came around the corner and said we must move along. Naturally I resisted this, as I had the privilege of talking to my client in the street if I wanted to. The cop said it was no time or place to be talking business, especially when such talk disturbed the peace. He said if I wanted to talk I needn't, as he expressed it, bother as if I was trying to hail a steamboat. It then occurred to me that I had been yelling along the quiet thoroughfare of the church city. I explained to the cop that my client was as dead as a cigar store Indian, but the cop said that was no excuse, and I could do nothing but obey his order.

"Don't let me hear you hollerin' any more on this side of the river," said the cop, as I moved on.

## SAVED HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.

Countess Ito of Japan Proved Her Courage in a Time of Great Peril.

Count Ito, late prime minister of Japan, is exceedingly proud of his pretty little wife, and well he may be, for not only is she in every way charming, but to her he owes his life. It is said that a number of years ago, when quite a young woman, during a rebellion, Count Ito was hiding from his enemies, who, having tracked him to his home, sent a band of "sookies" to assassinate him. On hearing his enemies approaching, and trapped like a rat in its hole, the count drew his sword,



**COUGH KILL**

We know of nothing better than coughing to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever, and making everything right for the germs of consumption.

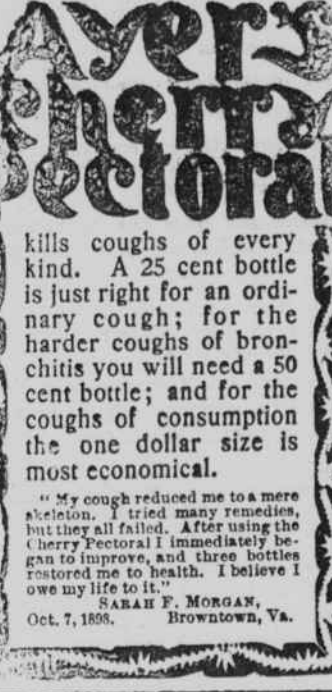
Better kill your cough before it kills you.

**AYER'S PECTORAL**

kills coughs of every kind. A 25 cent bottle is just right for an ordinary cough; for the harder coughs of bronchitis you will need a 50 cent bottle; and for the coughs of consumption the one dollar size is most economical.

"My cough reduced me to a mere skeleton. I tried many remedies, but they all failed. After using the Ayer's Pectoral I immediately began to gain weight, and my appetite returned to me. I believe I owe my life to it."

SAMUEL F. MORGAN, Oct. 7, 1893. BROWNDALE, VA.



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and prepared to die, but the countess whispered: "Do not die; there is hope still," and, removing the "hibachi," or fire box, and lifting up the mats and the planks beneath, she induced her husband to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floor of all Japanese houses. The murderers broke into the room just as the fire box had been replaced and demanded of the countess their victim. In vain they threatened and cruelly ill treated her, dragging her about the room by her long black hair. But it was of no avail; they could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to her courage, Count Ito escaped, and has lived to give to his country a new constitution and become one of the greatest statesmen of modern Japan.

## PEOPLE MARRY OLDER.

Some Interesting Matrimonial Facts Gleaned at Missouri County Courthouse.

Agree given in marriage licenses in the recorder's office show that men and women are marrying later in life than ten or twenty years ago. The average age, says the Kansas City Journal, is considerably above that of ten years ago, and very much above that of 20, 30 or 40 years ago. Formerly it was the rule rather than the exception for brides to be 17 or 18 and grooms 20 or 21. Now it is almost reversed. Figures for several months show that the average bride's age is between 25 and 26 and the groom's between 28 and 29.

The average of the first six couples applying for license at the recorder's office on a recent day was 33½ for the men and 32 for the women. When the number of couples had reached nine the figures were reduced to 30 for the men and 28 for the women. These figures, however, are not a good criterion, the couples applying that day happening to be a little older than ordinarily. Figures also indicate that couples marrying in May are younger on the average than those marrying in the fall of the year.

"I don't know to what to attribute the tendency to marry later in life," said the marriage license clerk, "unless it is that it takes the young man longer to get a start in the world than it did 20 or 30 years ago. The country is more developed, there are not so many opportunities open to him, and he must wait longer before he finds himself in a position that would warrant his taking the responsibility of supporting a family. In other words, men no longer marry young because they can't afford it."

## COOK ISLANDS ANNEXED.

Great Britain Takes Formal Possession of Them at the Request of the Chiefs.

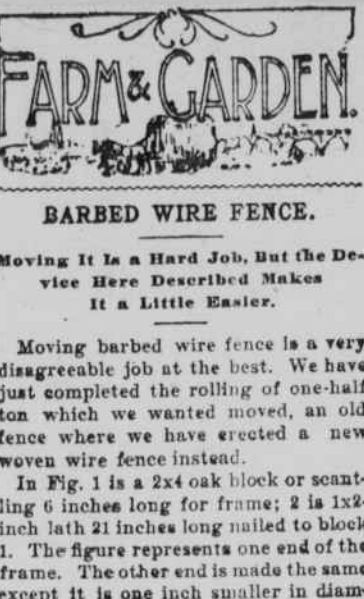
On October 3, last, the governor of New Zealand landed on the Cook Islands and formally annexed them to the British empire at the unanimous request of the chiefs and people. For 13 years the islands have been under the protection of Great Britain and every enactment of the native legislature has had to receive the approval of the British resident at Rarotonga before being regarded as law. But there has never been any formal annexation of the group and the natives are probably delighted to have that ceremony carried out.

The islands, lying far southeast of Samoa, are off the usual lines of steamship traffic, and most of their trade is carried on with New Zealand and New South Wales. They properly bear the name of the great navigator Cook, for he discovered the greater part of the group on his second journey in 1773, and made them better known in the voyaging of 1777. Cook was one of the islanders of the Hervey Islands, and the missionaries who settled there some time ago into the habit of applying the name Hervey to the whole group, and to-day they are called indifferently, the Cook or Hervey Islands.

All of them are coral islands, lifted only a little way above the sea level, except Rarotonga, the largest and most populous, whose volcanic mountain rises to a height of 4,000 feet. Rarotonga is one of the pearls of the South seas, and is rich in all the products of the southern archipelagoes. The natives have long used cotton cloth as money, but coin is now likely to be introduced.

## Vegetable Anomalies.

White blackberries and green roses have been propagated in Louisiana this year.—Chicago Chronicle.



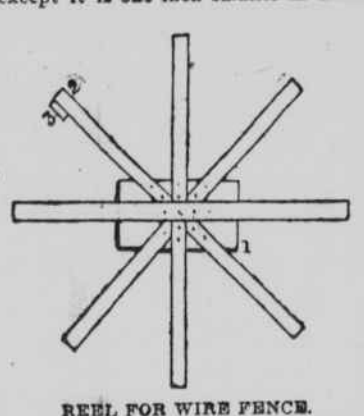
**FARM & GARDEN**

**BARBED WIRE FENCE.**

Moving It Is a Hard Job, But the Device Here Described Makes It a Little Easier.

Moving barbed wire fence is a very disagreeable job at the best. We have just completed the rolling of one-half ton which we wanted moved, an old fence where we have erected a new woven wire fence instead.

In Fig. 1 is a 2x4 oak block or scantling 6 inches long for frame; 2 is 1x2-inch lath 21 inches long nailed to block 1. The figure represents one end of the frame. The other end is made the same except it is one inch smaller in diameter.



**REEL FOR WIRE FENCE.**

Lath 2 feet long are nailed to each spoke and to both ends of the frame as shown at 2, letting them extend outside about 3 inches and nailing them all on the same side. To operate, remove the wire from posts, fasten one end to a stake, stretch wire in straight line, commence at the other end from the stake, roll on the big end of the reel, have an assistant to hold the slack. When the reel is taken out the wire up in front of reel to take out the slack. When the reel is completed, bind it with wire in three or four places, set the reel up on the small end, jar a little and the soil will fall off. Label the coil with the number of rods there is in it and it is ready to move. To unroll, place the bale back on the reel; it will go down about half way. Put spokes on the reel and unroll along the new line of fence. The space between the spokes being equal, it is handy to bind the bales together.—A. S. Foraman, is Ohio Farmer.

## EXIT THE RED BARN.

Variety Is Made Possible to Farmers Nowadays by Cheap Heavy-Mixed Paints.

"There was a time," said a paint manufacturer, "when a farmer painted his barn red. The paint used was called Venetian red and was made of oxide of iron instead of white lead and zinc. It cost about half as much as lead paint and stood the weather well. The farmer bought this paint dry and mixed it with oil himself, and put it on himself. Now I suppose about one-third of the country's barns are painted red and about two-thirds in other colors, and the change is due more to what we call fashion and more to the wide introduction of mixed paints ready for use.

"Nowadays prepared paints are put up in simply scores of colors and shades, and many of them are manufactured and sold as cheaply as the old Venetian red was. In the old days if the farmer wanted to paint any color but red he had to mix his own colors. He couldn't get a painter to come from town to mix the colors, unless he could have also the job of doing the painting. Now the farmer can buy paint in any color or shade that he wants from sample cards and when he knows the area of surface to be painted he can ascertain just the quantity required.

"There are distinct fashions in barn painting. It might be, for instance, that in one place the square painted like a red and thus set a fashion that his neighbors would follow. It might be that some city man who had bought an abandoned farm would paint the old barns in modern style. Then the neighbors would say: 'I don't know how much Mr. Cityman knows about farming, but he certainly knows how to paint a barn.' And the people thereabouts would be likely to paint their barns over like his. Thus you might find districts where the barns would run much alike.

"In modern barn painting the body is of one color and the trim of another. The present prevailing style is colonial, in which the body is of light yellow and the trim white. But barns are painted also in grays and in other colors and in various shades of color and with various patterns and designs. Taken together the old red barn is being more and more crowded by those painted in modern fashion."—N. Y. Sun.

## Points About Belgian Mares.

The color is the red, golden brown, or tan of the thoroughbred Belgian. They should be but very little gray about them. It is not an unusual thing for the hind-quarters to shade off into a slight grayish tinge, but when the animals are scored they suffer a cut in consequence. The thoroughbred Belgian in exhibition flesh should, when fairly grown, weigh about eight hundred pounds. Corn-fed or fattened they will weigh more, and some of them may weigh more than nine hundred pounds. For this reason fanciers feed mostly oats for their grain ration. He should be long in limb and body, with straight front feet, fine in bone. Add to these the characteristic color, or shades of color, the Belgian and we know we have good blood.—National Rural.

## Chinese Ignorance.

One of the deliriums of travel in China is the innocent ignorance of the people. They think themselves the most sophisticated and heaven-frightened people on this earth, and so make their naïveté, childlike and more engaging. They live very close to the primitive superstitions, and the gods and devils, between whom they make little practical distinction, command their healthy respect. Our slipper boatmen stuck a bunch of incense sticks into the bank at the foot of some bad rapids, to placate the spirits of the rapids, who, indeed, were so pleased as to let us ascend. Our house boat admiral laid out an elaborate offering of chicken and rice and soup and pork and chicken-bone and lighted candles as we entered the North river on our downward journey.

"What is this for, captain?" we asked. "For the enjoyment of the spirits of the river," he replied; "they are eating half the sacrifice." "But it is all here still," we told him at the close. "Well," he replied, "at least, the candles are gone."—R. E. Spoor, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.



**WINE OF CARDUI**

1000.000

**RELIEVED WOMEN**

has brought permanent relief to a million suffering women who were on the way to premature graves. Mrs. Mitchell has been testifying in health, when Wine of Cardui performed a "wonderful cure" in her case. She writes: "I was suffering from a severe case of leucorrhea, and profuse menstruation. The weekly attacks were so severe that I was unable to do my work. I was very nervous and my system was very weak. I had been a great sufferer for many years, and my health was very poor. I had tried many remedies, but they all failed. After using the Wine of Cardui I immediately began to gain weight, and my appetite returned to me. I believe I owe my life to it."

Wine of Cardui is a natural and pure preparation of the most valuable medicinal plants. It is a perfect blood purifier and a powerful tonic. It is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows: "A small pimple came on my lower lip and I thought it was a little sore. It grew larger and larger, and I had it for many months. It was very painful, and I had to use a great deal of ointment. I had it for many months, and I was very nervous and my system was very weak. I had tried many remedies, but they all failed. After using the Wine of Cardui I immediately began to gain weight, and my appetite returned to me. I believe I owe my life to it."

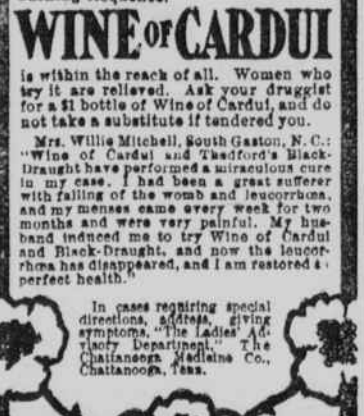
To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

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**WINE OF CARDUI**

1000.000

**RELIEVED WOMEN**

has brought permanent relief to a million suffering women who were on the way to premature graves. Mrs. Mitchell has been testifying in health, when Wine of Cardui performed a "wonderful cure" in her case. She writes: "I was suffering from a severe case of leucorrhea, and profuse menstruation. The weekly attacks were so severe that I was unable to do my work. I was very nervous and my system was very weak. I had been a great sufferer for many years, and my health was very poor. I had tried many remedies, but they all failed. After using the Wine of Cardui I immediately began to gain weight, and my appetite returned to me. I believe I owe my life to it."

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